

'Neath Syrian Stars

Tune 317, Methodist Hymn and Tune Book



Floating o'er Judea's plains,
And down the echoing height,
Hark, the love-evangel strains
Are blending with the night.
Angel voices from the sky
With music fill each vale and glen :
"Glory be to God on high,
On earth, good will to men."

Evermore that wondrous strain
The door of hope unbars,
Whether in the cloistered fane
Or 'neath the Syrian stars.
Sing the joy-notes once again,
And let them echo to the sky :
"Peace on earth, good will to men,
Glory to God on high."

Still is heard the shepherd's quest
That rose to Bethlehem's walls,
Burdened with a great unrest,
The world for Christ still calls,
From the vales and hills He trod,
Still rings the song that ne'er shall cease :
"Glory, glory be to God,
To men, good will and peace."

Angel harps, our souls inspire
With grace to conquer wrong,
Fill us with a deep desire
To live the angel song,
Till the life of love be found
In every land beneath the sky,
Till the whole wide world resound :
"Glory to God on high."

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